He has a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly: and beſides, the Moore
May vnfould me to him; there ſtand I in perrill:
No, he muſt die, be't ſo, I heare him comming. *Ent.* Caſ.

Rod. I know his gate, tis he, villaine thou dieſt.

Caſ. That thruſt had bin my enemy indeed,
But that my coate is better then thou think'ſt,
I will make proofe of thine.

Rod. O I am ſlaine.

Caſ. I am maind for euer, light ho, murder, murder.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of *Caſsio*, *Iago* keepes his word.

Rod. O villaine that I am.

Oth. Harke tis euen ſo.

Caſ. O helpe ho, light, a Surgeon.

Oth. Tis he, O braue *Iago*, honeſt and Iuſt,
That haſt ſuch noble ſence of thy friends wrong,
Thou teacheſt me; --minion, your deare lies dead,
And your fate hies apace; ſtrumpet I come;
Forth of my heart, thoſe charmes thine eyes are blotted,
Thy bed luſt-ſtaind, ſhall with luſts blood be ſpotted. *Ex.*

Enter Lodouico *and* Gratiano.

Caſ. What ho, no watch, no paſſage, murder, murder

Grat. Tis ſome miſchance, the cry is very direfull.

Caſ. O helpe. *Lod.* Harke.

Rod. O wretched villaine.

Lod. Two or three grones, it is a heauy night,
Theſe may be counterfeits, let's think't vnſafe
To come into the cry without more helpe.

Rod. No body come, then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago *with a light.*

Lod. Harke.

Grat. Here's one comes in his ſhirt, with lights and weapons,

Iag. Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this, that cries on murder.

Lod. I doe not know.

Iag. Did not you heare a cry?

Caſ. Here, here, for heauens ſake helpe me.

Iag.

Iag. What's the matter.

Grat. This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I

Lod. The ſame indeed, a very valia

Iag. What are you here, that cry ſo

Caſ. *Iago*, O I am ſpoil'd, vndone b
Giue me ſome helpe.

Iag. O my Leiutenant: what villai

Caſ. I thinke the one of them is hee
And cannot make away.

Iag. O treacherous villaines:
What are you there? come in and giu

Rod. O, helpe me here.

Caſ. That's one of em.

Iag. O murderous ſlaue, O villaine

Rod. O dambd *Iago*, O inhumaine

Ia. Kill him i'the dark? where be th
How ſilent is this Towne? Ho, murder
What may you be, are you of good or

Lod. As you ſhall proue vs, praiſe

Iag. Seignior *Lodouico.*

Lod. He ſir.

Iag. I cry you mercy: here's *Caſsio*

Grat. *Caſsio.*

Iag. How is it brother?

Caſ. My leg is cut in two.

Iag. Mary heauen forbid:
Light Gentlemen, I'le bind it with my

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter ho, who

Iag. Who iſt that cried.

Bian. O my deare *Caſsio*, O my ſw

Iag. O notable ſtrumpet: *Caſsio*
Who they ſhould be, that thus haue

Caſ. No.

Gra. I am ſorry to find you thus, I

Bian. Alas he faints, O *Caſsio*, *Caſ*

Iag. Gentlemen all, I doe ſuſpect

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)